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THE MARVELLOUS YEAR

INTRODUCTION BY
EDWIN MARKHAM
DRAWINGS BY
GERTRUDE HUEBSCH

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NEW YORK B. W. HUEBSCH 1909

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

IN such brief space as this volume affords it is manifestly impracticable to print biographies; indeed it were supererogatory, for facts about the fourteen lives here celebrated may be obtained in encyclopædias and definitive Lives.

It has been the author's aim to find the meaning of each life, to strip it of the unimportant details that may obscure it, and briefly to present the reason for honoring the memory of the great dead.

The title-page of this book raises the obvious question as to the identity of the author of the essays that follow. The publisher, to his keen regret, is pledged to withhold the writer's name. It is not because of fear of criticism if his effort is unfavorably received or because of modesty if it meets with praise, but because his life work is cast in other fields than that of biographical interpretation, that he has so decided. While this book has been a pleasure to him he is reluctant to associate his name with any activity but the one which claims him.

The author of these pages stands revealed in the light of his opening paragraph on Fitzgerald, and, after perusing the entire book the reader may agree that, not only in the spirit of humble reverence toward their work, but in other respects, analogies between the two writers may be perceived.

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INTRODUCTION

BY EDWIN MARKHAM

Man wandering here between the two infinities craves something to give him his bearings, something to measure his progress by, something to show him his relation to his fellow voyagers. He seizes on birthdays, anniversaries, centuries, cycles for his milestones and tavern-stops. And now as 1909 is reached and we remember that galaxy of great souls that drifted earthward a hundred years ago, we cannot help thinking of their place and import in the world movement. Darwin, Lincoln, Mendelssohn, Tennyson, Poe, Gladstone, Gogol, and the rest—what a brilliant host to defy the poppy of oblivion! Large and luminous is the field of art and science that is lighted by the glory of their names.

Do we seem tall, we modern men? Yes, but it is because we stand upon the shoulders of the mighty Past. The great worker serves for the million who work feebly; and the great seer for the million who see dimly. The worker and the seer send their achievements into the ages. When Columbus swung back the gates of the ocean, he cleared a sea-path for all nations to the ends of the world. When Shakespeare wrote his dramas, he unlocked the heart for all the coming generations.

The web of history if unraveled would resolve itself into strands which are the lives of strong personalities. Looked at from one point of view, history is only the biography of great men. A towering personality rises and dominates a great epoch, lighting a torch for the long centuries. The fact that he is able to draw the eyes of the people is a matter for rejoicing, for it proves that men have the power to see something that is greater than themselves. The masses are led by the great man, because they think they discern in him the wise, the noble, the Godlike. This reverence for great men, this upward looking to something higher than ourselves, is the noblest thing in human nature.

What the world needs most is the wisdom to choose the true leader, be he a captain of politics or a master of learning. Happy are the people who have recognized and accepted the Heaven-sent messengers. Most of our sorrows rise from the fact that we choose make-believe heroes and false prophets, not being able to distinguish between sheet-iron thunder and the true artillery of the heavens—not being able to distinguish between the jargon of the charlatan and the sphere music of the seer. What the people need, then, is some touchstone by which they can distinguish the true from the false, the princes from the pretenders. Indeed the chief business of a people is to find its great man, and then to hear his words and follow him on the path of destiny. In honoring

a Heaven-sent leader, they express their own nobleness; for they are not honoring him as a mere man, but as the urn that carries the sacred fire of the God.

Every year scatters its pollen of genius; but perhaps the planet never before saw so abundant a flowering as burst forth from the wonderful year of 1809. And of all the men of that year, Darwin has perhaps most widely influenced the world. He was one of the great liberators of the mind, for he taught men to follow facts, let them lead where they would. His "Origin of Species," while not the final word of course, was yet an epoch-making book, one that changed the face and pace of science. Contradicting all thinkers from Anaxagoras to Augustine, from Moses to Milton, he swept away the myth of instantaneous creation and revealed the rise and march of life as a slow process of the ages.

Men felt at first that the new teaching would destroy all faith in the spiritual nature of man, but it is in reality a strong support of that faith. For, while the pressure of the law of natural selection may have molded man's body from a lower animal form, still it is clear that man's spiritual powers could not have ascended from the animal plane. What is evolved must be first involved. The cause must ever be as vast as the effect: no stream can rise above its fountain. So it seems clear that the spiritual powers in man must have had a lofty origin, must have descended from the Unseen Holy that

is above the world. More than this, we see now that the new teaching is not atheistic, since it merely discloses the divine method. Darwin does not reveal the First Cause of things, nor does he abolish the need for a wise Purpose behind the movement of the universe. Still, as of old, we must say, "In the beginning, God!"

Dearer to America than all other men of that wonderful year is Abraham Lincoln. Even the great names of Washington and Jefferson burn with an inferior fire. Why is this? Perhaps because the heart of man is so contrived that only martyrdom can move its deepest emotion. More than this, we feel Lincoln to be one of us, and so a brother; yet also to have in him that star of conscience that makes him kindred to the ideal toward which in our nobler moments we all aspire. He touches us, therefore, on our human side and on our angel side. So Lincoln has become the American Ideal, the chief unifying force in our multiform republic. To him death was not death, for after all these years he is more alive than when he walked among us. His spirit is now the most vital breath of life under the ribs of the nation. He is the power among us that makes us think of something besides dollars and dividends. He is a voice asserting the concerns of the soul, declaring that a life is more than a living, that manhood is more than money.

Gladstone's fame is secure, as the greatest political

leader of the Victorian era. Only John Bright stands at Gladstone's level. They were great because they dared to hold for ideal and unworldly considerations. Disraeli was distinguished also; but Gladstone excels him in that reach of the spirit that ranks social welfare higher than selfish gain. As far as his vision went, Gladstone stood for the sacred rights of the people. He cared less for England's prestige as an imperial power than for England's performance as a righteous power. He stood for liberating ideas—for free trade, equal taxation, popular education, domestic industry, Irish Home Rule, peace among the nations. While perhaps he did not see all that Carlyle and Ruskin saw, still he was one of the great forces whose onrushing billow of influence is still making for righteousness.

There is a growing inclination to change the verdict in regard to Mendelssohn, who for a long time dominated the mid-century musical sentimentalists. The great school of romantic music that culminated in the Wagnerean opera, was at the birth of Mendelssohn, touching the world with its first ripples. Mendelssohn was never caught into this movement although he swayed a little to its influence. He leaned to the formal, the precise, the elegant; and his conservatism has helped to check the revolutionary fury of the romantics. He had fancy, not imagination, and did his loveliest work in the little charmed circle of færie. He followed public sentiment,

instead of calling from a height to "come and see." Nevertheless, "The Wedding March," fervid, festal, jubilant, cries a rapture for us; and the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" still works its miracle of beauty on our hearts.

In Chopin we find another order of genius; for he came as a revolutionist declaring war against the musical traditions. And yet so delicate and lyrical is Chopin's work that it might be said to have only "the frail duration of a flower." His chief significance lay in his revolutionary defiance of dead classic correctness and in the magic elasticity of his chords, which are heightened even by discords. He was a son of revolution, a builder of the new liberties of art.

Poe casts from literary America the longest shadow across the world. He has left us a group of wonderful tales of ratiocination and mystery—tales that have started schools of story-telling. He gave America her first body of significant criticism, reviews sweeping together the principles of literary art. He has left only a thin volume of verse; but it is refined gold almost pure, carven diamond almost flawless. He is detached, having sprung from the brain of no preceding master. He touched the lyre of poetry with a unique stroke giving a new music to the world.

Edward Fitzgerald, through his remarkable translation

of "The Rubáiyât" of Omar Khayyam, has become one of the great literary forces of our century. Perhaps no poem is more widely known among the cultivated classes. I say this to state a fact—not to express a pleasure. For I think that no poem has ever done more harm to the world; for it has tended to break down in the mind of men that heroic attitude toward life that is the central force in character. However, there is one moral excellence in the poem; for it represents Omar as beginning life as an earnest seeker after truth, a man not ready to fall into the easy rut of custom, a man determined to think out life's problem for himself. Man is a rational being; so it is ever true that his opinions are not real opinions till they have been examined by his reason. Many men accept their opinions ready-made: most ideas are only quotations, echoes from real voices. So in this light we can approve of the rebel Omar, and wish him well in his search for the absolute reality and veracity.

But the sad thing in Omar is that he offers us at last a weak, childish philosophy, a philosophy of dust and ashes. Live for the moment; ride the pleasure bubble —this is his final message. He stopped his search too soon: he should have kept on searching till he found an Answer that is as dignified as the Question. He makes pleasure the end of life—a poor pitiful gospel for these

men of Time, who have been sent forth to walk mysterious Earth, with the stars above them and the graves below them.

Tennyson represented his century in its love of art, its delight in science, its speculation on the meaning of life and death, and in a certain mild reaction against social wrongs. But he only echoed his century; he did not lead it with the bugle of advance. He was not the prophet on the morning-lighted peak, crying, "Awake to the coming wonder!" He was rather the outrider safe upon the coach, crying, "Behold the wonder that has come!" The glories and the terrors of the radical never reached his serene and sheltered place.

In his "In Memoriam" (as Milton in "Paradise Lost," as Dante in "The Divine Comedy") he debates the stern old problem of the destiny of man. Yet in this poem, summed in exquisite elegy and lovely lyric, we find only the theology of his own day tinctured by a touch of the current mysticism and a trace of the current science. In the "Idyls of the King," those jewelled miniatures of narrative, Tennyson represents not so much the fabled court of Arthur as the polite society of the court of Victoria catalogued in the Blue Book of his time. The great failure of Tennyson was his failure to catch the full meaning of Democracy, its final meaning—Social Democracy. Here he did not rise toward the higher

levels of his era where William Morris and John Ruskin walked the purer air. He revered Law, but he seems to have made the mistake of imagining that law supports and excuses the traditional evils about us, evils that are the mere creation of human folly and selfishness. His trust was in evolution, forgetting that men must push with God.

But, while Tennyson was not a radical and aggressive mind, he was nevertheless for sheer beauty near the front rank of the world's great poets, and he had to the full the honor of his generation. He came to stand for all the gentlenesses and graces of life, for the values beyond the material, for the verities and sanctities of the past, for the meaning and majesty of the present. He was always the exquisite artist: he painted nature with fine fidelity; he pictured woman with a pure white reverence; he kept his faith in the Unseen and insisted on the oneness of all life. As Browning stood for the supremacy of spirit, so Tennyson stood for the supremacy of law. He caught up the worship of beauty which had risen to a white flame in the poetry of Keats; and through all the long years of his service to the muse of poesy, he was faithful to this high apostolate.

While Tennyson did not beat the gong of revolt, while he did not sound the clarion of social justice; yet at times the flash of a great vision passed over his soul

to stir the larger hopes that make us men. Once he saw humanity, after the long brute ages, standing at last upon a sunrise height, where

> "the war-drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
> In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

These names of 1809 stand high among the great leaders of humanity. It is the fashion nowadays to deny the need of leaders; as though a wheel could run without a hub. But the need of leaders is a vital necessity, one that this human race will not pass beyond in the next thousand millenniums. The leader of course is not needed to do the work of the people, but rather to inspire the people to do their own work—to cheer their hearts and unify their energies in the effort to conquer the world. Leaders do not come to pour out treasures for us: they cannot bestow by pure gift-giving. They can only quicken our sleeping powers. They liberate our forces; they carry new freedoms. They send the rut-held spirit out on voyages of discovery, where the dim eyes open to new horizons. They cannot make the journey for us, for nothing is known that is not experienced. So they only blaze the way and beckon us to follow.

Great men help us to see the meanings of our existence: they reveal us to ourselves. They point out to us the large relations of things, help us to grasp the unity

that is behind nature and history. Great souls see the need of the people, and show them how to satisfy that need: they see the waste of the energies of the people, and teach them the divine economies; they see the people stumbling on rough paths, and point them to the divine highways; they see the people stammering for a word, and teach them how to speak that word. The great man creates order in the chaos of life and thought. If he comes as a man of action among a mob of men, he comes ready to organize them into a working force. If he comes as a seer, he will disclose to them a new sense of values: he will reveal to the poor their unheeded wealth, and to the rich their unsuspected poverty. One great soul can make all men feel a sense of greatness.

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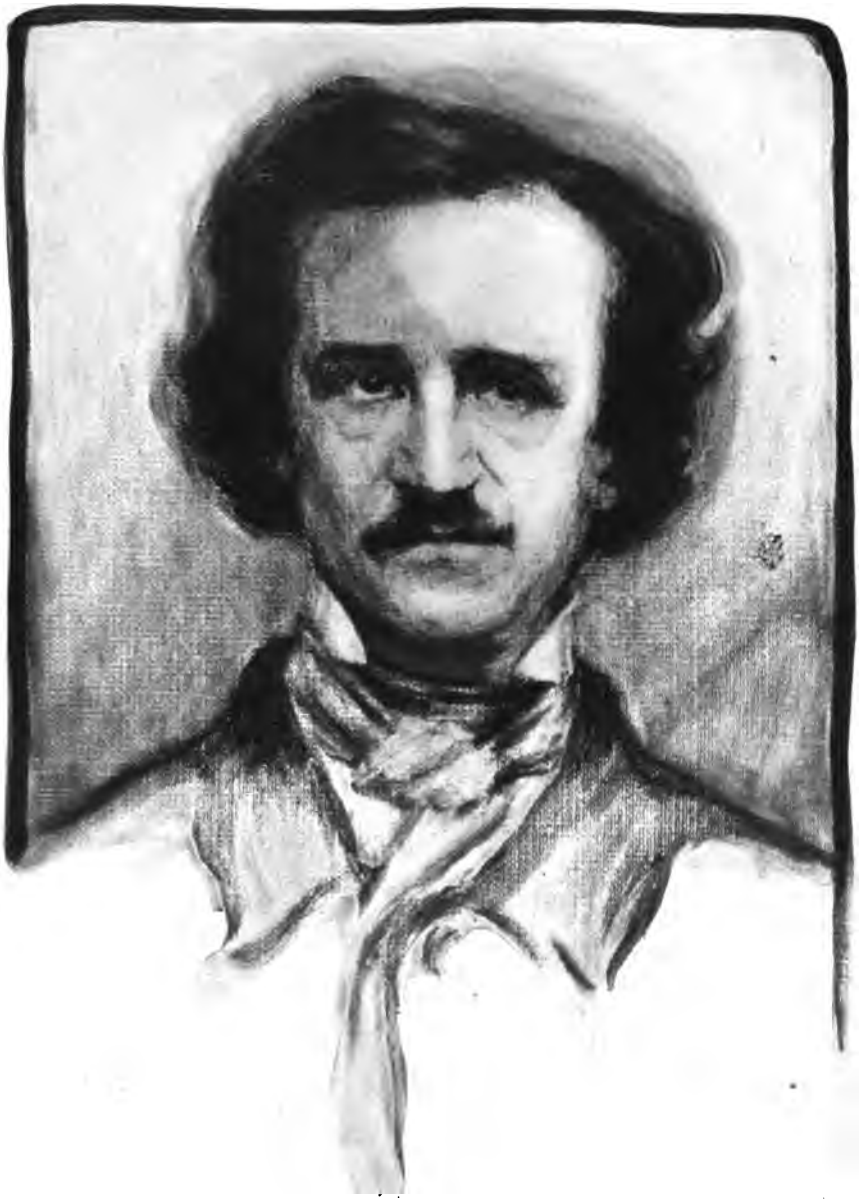


EDGAR ALLAN POE

The Marvellous Year

Edgar Allan Poe

It has been, once and again, a critical fashion to discuss Poe's place in literature, to debate with more or less of acrimony whether he had any such place at all.

An idle speculation it now seems. A place in literature cannot be denied him so long as the verdict of the reading public has kept alive the memory of some of his poetry, of much of his story product. So long as "The Raven" remains a memory, so long as "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," even "The Gold Bug" are read with zest sufficient to call for newer and newer editions, there can be no doubt that the author occupies a place in literature.

Poe was the voice of protest against the commonplace, a protest in voice and in example.

His criticism, the protest in voice, we may now neglect. We may well acknowledge that in his critical efforts he showed a tendency to degenerate into the common scold. That he denied to Longfellow the possession of poetic art is a thing of the past to us, the greater jury has rendered justice between the two men. That the editorial conduct of the American magazines of his time moved him to wrath can awaken in us but the most tepid interest, for few except the students of the development of American literature could now bring themselves

to engage upon a course of such reading. Since, then, we have no interest in the magazines themselves we have less concern with the controversy in which Griswold so hotly engaged. Even that took the form of the *argumentum ad hominem*, Poe was a most improper person in his short life, therefore he could not lay claim to literary excellence. He was poor, and that is an offence to such as have pockets well lined. He was ill, and the charity of science had not in his time reached the point of recognizing that such an addiction as from time to time proved too strong for him needed the physician rather than the constable. If he was out of joint with his times there was no less a dislocation in the times.

So much for his protest in voice. Poe is not remembered for his essays in criticism. They survive only as they may be disinterred by those who seek to account for the storms which beat upon him.

Of the protest in example let us first glance briefly at his verse. Everybody of his time wrote verse, it was an age of poets. But who now recalls a poem or a poet before "The Raven?" It was as formal and mechanical as the strumming of the harp for the entertainment of visitors after dinner, and the notes lasted just as long in the one case as in the other. It was an art mechanical, the feet must scan on finger reckoning, the rhymes were but echoes of accepted rhymes in the poetical stock, it was still the fashion to set off three lines when they chanced to rhyme so much by a 3-line brace, one sees the like in Pope's Homer. Upon this

trade of poetry came Poe with new forms, with new life, above all with new adjectives. Men were afraid of their adjectives, a newcomer was in suspicion, it might be improper. Fancy the family circle when it first encountered such a line as "the scoriac rivers do roll!" Mr. Pope never wrote such a word as that, nor Mr. Dryden, nor yet the elegant Mr. Willis. "Scoriac?" why, that seems scarcely proper, a dangerous innovator, this young Poe, and they say he drinks, too. But take now a census of the present memory, count up the images and the lines which one remembers of Poe and those of the elegant Mr. Willis and see what the verdict is. Look at the later verse and see whether it follows the Poe spirit of freedom or the classic stupidity of those who denied him a place.

The truest of Poe's protest in example was his creation for all literature, not only American literature but all literature. This was the short story, the novel of action completed in few words. Fiction had sunk when he came upon his work and the depth of its sinking was very low. The novel was a dreary waste of sluggish inactivity. Its place was largely taken by the sketch, the advantage lying solely in the fact that the latter was brief. Again we encounter the elegant Mr. Willis. He was indefatigable in the production of sketches, his output was enormous, each one was brief, and that is the best that can be said of any one of his sketches.

Of this form of composition Poe took but one element, the short tale of the words, the mere arithmetic of the

form. He put life into the dull sketch, he made of each a living story within the short compass, he saw his end before he began and he built up the story of action, the story of thought, the story of both action and thought. It was a new creation, it was so new that the name was lacking, it was nothing but the short story. Yet that name which was then no name at all has taken a dominant position in the history of literary form. It has been intrinsically an American form. It has passed over to France and has undergone there an almost parallel, only slightly divergent, course of development beside its progress here. In England and in Germany it has been followed with closer imitation and less spirit.

Having created the form Poe did yet more within that form. If the detective story has any attraction, if the unravelling of mystery has power to hold the reader, then Poe still stands the unrivalled master and his incidents in the Rue Morgue and the thinly veiled local tragedy of Marie Roget stand at the head of that art. If the vivisection of the human soul carries an appeal then the first rank again is taken by the House of Usher, such a psychopathic story as has never been equalled. If the horror of tragedy be sought again we find Poe at its height in the pendulum ever swinging with its razor edge.

Yet with all this remains an echo of the distant past, the Hall of Fame omits Poe, and the popular verdict omits the Hall of Fame.

FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN *The Marvellous Year*

Frédéric François Chopin

Of a short life of forty years a little more than two thirds was marked by creative activity in his art. Of mixed origin Poland has always claimed Chopin as the most brilliant of Polish musicians.

The elder Chopin, a Frenchman, was an instructor of the young nobility in Warsaw and married a Polish woman of good family. The son was carefully reared in close association with the better and more refined society of the former capital of that much harassed kingdom and both early and deep imbibed the spirit which had made Poland a distinct seat of culture when its neighbor countries were dark wildernesses and rude communities. Such was the foundation of his art, though but a small portion of his active career was passed in his birthplace. Yet the spirit of Poland remained ever close to him and he is justly regarded as the foremost exponent of the Polish musical taste both in form and in essence. His early musical education was given him by Elsner in Warsaw, a teacher of painstaking method yet amply endowed with spirit to encourage the rich talent which he found in his young pupil. To this fostering zeal we

owe it that Chopin first published at the age of sixteen. Two years later he was in Vienna appearing in concert with great success, and this was followed by slow travel through the musical centres of eastern Germany.

Paris he reached in 1832, he found himself already expected and at once entered into associations of the closest intimacy with the bright circle of distinguished friends who chained him to his father's home. Thereafter he rarely separated himself from this congenial and admiring company, never willingly, seldom for any length of time. Even to the invitation of musical England which lay so near he yielded but twice, once in 1837 and again in 1848, the year before his death, although his reception on each visit was flattering and triumphant.

Other musicians have won their fame in their public appearances. Chopin was almost a recluse in that respect, he could rarely be induced to appear in concert even when his position was unassailable. Yet he was a consummate master of the piano and could have filled his time with the engagements which were vainly showered upon him. It was clearly a disinclination to become known through that means, not at all a distrust of his powers. In the intimacy of his chosen circle his execution upon that instrument was so brilliant as to charm even the most skilful and to impel strangers to every device to gain admission to these impromptu concerts. For himself and his dear friends he lived in the richest

atmosphere of music: to strangers he chose to be known only through his written message.

With a few unimportant exceptions of pieces prepared for the orchestra he wrote wholly for the piano, and far more than any of his predecessors he brought the art of that instrument to a high pitch. In the matter of form the great majority of his compositions were written as concertos, waltzes, nocturnes, mazurkas and preludes and with a peculiar predisposition toward the older Polish national forms. His fancy was in the highest degree poetic and enjoyed the smoothness of the lyric measures. Yet under the smooth finish there is deep subtlety in idea; and the harmonies, while intricate, abound in graceful effects stamped throughout with an individual touch. This commanding individuality dominates in all his work the personal peculiarities of rhythm and melody and the charm both delicate and strong which tax to the utmost limit the powers of the performer who would fitly interpret Chopin and which are no unworthy challenge to the most inspired efforts of the rare genius of the piano.

We have already spoken of his use of the ancient Polish forms. His mother land influenced him far more widely than in form. His patriotism was a fire, a passion. When he composed in the Polish form his soul was aquiver with the tempest of suffering and revolt against the oppressor, which refused to see that hope was indeed

hopeless. With heart and soul he was the greatest interpreter of the national spirit and his notes spoke to his brethren among his mother's race more keenly than words could ever speak to a people so replete with sympathy. In this his centennial year Chopin to the Poles is not an artist to awaken their pride, he is the voice of a nation's devotion.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Abraham Lincoln

What manner of man was he, on the blood-eroded grave-sculptured hills of an obscure Pennsylvania village, who in few words could confer immortality? What a soul it was that called forth from a nation's heart grief-tortured the poignant sob

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done."

Reverently we approach the centenary of Lincoln. At once the distance vanishes, the centennial vanishes with a rolling up of all the years, we find the martyr no remote object of veneration but our Lincoln yet living in our hearts, no distant figure. And well so. When the leaf of May is yielding to the bloom of June our eyes yet see the march in blue of the remnant of those who sent heavenward the brave shout "we are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong." Aye! ten thousand times ten thousand they came in those dark and bitter days, strong to battle for their country and offering personal devotion to the man whose name was on every lip. And when their work was done they triumphed in the march past of the Grand Army before their Captain soon to lay down his bitter toil too early. Others there are, men and women no more than at the crest of achievement, whose childhood memories are yet

vivid of long hours spent in scraping lint, a service of war whose object was obscured in the feeling that it was personal service for their Uncle Abe. It is yet years too soon for our Lincoln to recede to the cold glitter of history and its statues, he yet lives the Lincoln of our hearts.

The story of his life has been written and rewritten, no public man has ever been so laid before his people in such a wealth of study of his public acts and record of his private life, all clean and sweet. To that record we cannot add, to the volume of appreciation we may not contribute.

Yet it will not be idle to essay if haply we may point to one or two of the broad lines of his life which not only made the man great but greater made him lovable. Even in the stress of war he was lovable, he appealed to sweet souls. It cannot be forgotten that in many a home in those bitter days of loss above the crêpe-knotted sad sabre upon the wall hung the picture of the Lincoln for whom that sacrifice had been made, and that picture was through choice the sad-eyed father with his little son reading at his knee.

Was it not because to Lincoln the people was a faith?

Here was a man to whom by birth, by pioneer ancestry, by rude upbringing it was given to be an elemental Republican. Small storekeeper, volunteer in the Indian war of his remote frontier, self-made lawyer and rider of a distant circuit, he knew the people, he believed the people majestic, they believed him true. At cross-roads and courthouse he met his people and he shared

their thought. With his people he knew that the distant statesmanship of the nation at its capital, no more remote in difference of longitude than in point of view, was handled to a failure growing ever greater by an oligarchy. But he—one man, the voice of many—was keen to see where safety lay, even through the passage perilous. A man of the people, a man who believed in the people, never out of touch with their thought he stood a man of a fixed idea, massive, compelling, instinct with success. To him it was crystal clear that the fathers had given to this land a government by the people.

A great moral question, yet of interminable economic complication, was setting the people against the people. On the one side aggression, on the other smug timidity. Oligarchy and timidity were proceeding hand in hand from compromise that was all one sided to the stifling of the voice of the great people.

His service in Congress accomplished little externally. Internally it did much, he saw at first hand the method of the combination and compromise that characterized legislation and he saw how far it had drifted away from the purpose of the country's government.

On the moral issue of slavery he was heart and soul with his people, he was devoted to the cause of freedom. Great as the issue was, his was the discerning mind to see that it was but an incident, that under it lay a greater issue, even as the issue of national life and death. It was given him to pen the words that gave freedom

to the slave, yet his proclamation of freedom was but an incident in his greater course, it came almost as a war convenience, a move of strategy.

Let us not lose sight of the fundamental fact that this was a man of the people. In a free people and an independent he saw no class lines, no sufficient custom that some should rule and some should be governed save only as the Constitution provided.

Of a people he knew there must be government, the state must be secure and to every man must be life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. And by whom was this people to be governed? Again the noble mind was true to type, he saw that it must be government by the people or not at all such government as our ancestors had fought for.

That was enough inspiration to carry him into the shock of war, it was for that end he called upon the people to come to the defence of their rights. After all the compromises, after all the fine drawn decisions of the courts, after all the timidity of legislation he went direct to the heart of the people and he found that they trusted him.

And when the tide of war was turning, when victory might at last be hoped for, we hear upon that Gettysburg air the simple enunciation of the immortality of government when it is that of the people in its triple chain. It was the voice of the people speaking, and the people believed in the man who spoke this truth, they trusted him, they loved him, they love him yet.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Oliver Wendell Holmes

It is by no means easy to unravel the thread of a single life from that pattern of brilliant men who for a generation made of Boston and Cambridge, the Harvard group, the dominant centre of American literary activity. They were many, philosophers, wits, historians, poets—the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* record their manifold activities. Yet in that group it will be found less difficult to unthread the position of Dr. Holmes.

To the lay recollection he stands out from his Breakfast Table, the Autocrat, the Professor, the Poet. In the world of medicine he is equally recalled for his genius as an instructor, for his accurate skill as an anatomist, for his facility in microscopic investigations. These were, the latter his vocation, the former his agreeable avocation.

It is not in his own work that one is to look for the best of Dr. Holmes, good though that work was. It is in the memoirs and the letters of the others of his time, in the life of his chosen friends, that one is able to see what an impress this modest wit and brilliant physician made upon his fellows.

To the greater workers of his busy circle of acquaintance he was always the cordial and discriminating critic. To him they came with their plans while yet they were

in the early stage of uncertain aspiration, to him they came with the early draft of their product. To such effort as bore promise, no matter how crude its initial condition might be, he gave approval and kindly help in setting it on the road to success. He delighted in giving earnest service in clearing up the doubts which must cluster about a newly planned enterprise in literature. He had the happy nature which could dispel dull hesitation and set in motion the gears of enthusiasm. His was a fine art of criticism, an almost unerring sense of what was best in literary finish and a manner of communicating his suggestions that left the amendment no patch from the outside but an unmistakable part of the original design. The friends who profited by his kindly skill have left many a record, not merely of credit to him but in yet richer measure of enthusiastic gratitude. Had he written nothing of his own his position would have been secure in the annals of his time.

Yet he has left, and on shelves of our libraries not by any means relegated to disuse, an agreeable record of his own activities with an attractive pen. If we put to one side the purely professional papers of his healing art the record is no long one. There is the breakfast table series and its later companion of the teacups. There is "Elsie Venner." There are a few volumes of his verse. None has lost its charm, all are still read.

Verse was Dr. Holmes's first choice of a medium and he never left it far outside his interest. His muse was

never tragic, prolonged effort in metre possessed no attraction for him. He was at his best in occasional verse and in the shorter lyric measures. His best efforts lay in occasional poems, trifles to enhance the sense of content which comes after a good dinner. Among these efforts of his were some of the best of their class in the language, some which challenge admiration long after the occasion has passed into the realm of the forgotten and the allusions may seem to need the service of the footnote commentator. That is indeed high praise for occasional material. One and all they bubble with happy humor, with bright pleasantry and tender sympathy for all in life that is sweet and true and of good report.

His ripest memory groups about the three series of breakfast table papers, and after a long lapse of time his happy return to that form in the papers collected under the title "Over the Teacups." Had these papers made their appearance in any magazine less famous than the *Atlantic* of those days they would have served to enrich its management. As it was they were accepted with instant appreciation, even among the best of the current literature, and entered upon that reception which has set them in an individual niche in the literature of our country. They were brilliant. Yes, but other papers had been brilliant. To the brilliancy of the breakfast table was joined pleasant humor, a sentiment that breathed health of soul, the blessing of humor

and such practical wisdom as seems normal to the New England stock. They were written for no small class of readers. Each of their elements served to attract those to whom that most appealed, and once attracted the reader welcomed them all. Other of the work of that Boston group of which Dr. Holmes was by no means the least has passed with the waning of its popularity or the melioration of the conditions which called it into being. But the Autocrat, the Professor, the Poet at the Breakfast Table have in no degree lost their popularity, and that with no stimulus of artificial vogue.

We should by no means lose sight of the fact that the authorship was but the incident of a busy and beneficial career. Dr. Holmes was graduated from Harvard before he had reached his twenty-first year and then took up the study of law. The study of medicine came later, for it was not until 1836 that he received his doctorate in that art after several years in European hospitals. His medical attainments were so marked that two years after he had received his degree he was called to the professorship of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth, a chair which he filled until in 1847 he was called to the corresponding chair in the Massachusetts General Hospital and there remained continuously until age forced him to retire in 1882. With all this busy life he yet found time to be with individual distinction a man of letters. It is as the man of letters of the fullest type that his memory will live.

JOHN CALVIN
From a painting by Hans Holbein

JOHN CALVIN

Bancroft, than whom no historian can be less under the impress of the theological interest, has offered the suggestion that the foundation of the government of the United States rests upon Calvin's theories of ecclesiastical government as developed in the French Reformation and in detail as extended from church administration to the civil system of the Helvetic republic in which he was the dominant influence. It is readily recognizable that the parallelism of the ecclesiastical machinery of sessions, presbyteries, synods and general assemblies which inheres in our national scheme of representative bodies from councils through legislatures to the Congress is in its nature far too close to be ascribable to mere accident. This in particular adds local value to the celebration this year of the four hundredth anniversary of the great figure of the reformed faith in France and above all in Switzerland.

To Calvin, as to Luther, it was a holy cause to work for the correction of the inevitable evils in the policy and in the faith of that Catholic church to whose service they had solemnly been set apart, to restore to it the simplicity of the apostolic principle at least so far as that had been codified and made of record by the earlier fathers. There the resemblance ceases between the two

great reformers, the leader of German protestantism, the father of French reform. So far as is possible we shall avoid the comparison and consider Calvin and Calvinism apart from the parallel movement in the valley of the Rhine.

Calvin richly repaid the advantages of professional education which were offered him. In college at Paris, in the universities which he frequented in succession at Orléans and Bourges, his scholarship in Latin, in Greek and in the law was of the most brilliant and even in his student days justified his being called to lecture in the place of absent masters. His early bent seemed fixed upon some such position in the world of thought as was filled by Erasmus.

It was not until he had well advanced into his twenty-fourth year that he gave signs of the reform work in which he was to arrive at such a commanding position. In November, 1533, he prepared an address in the University of Paris upon the necessity of reforming the church to the model as set forth in the New Testament, and in this same year he dates his sudden conversion. He was expelled from Paris for his heresy and entered upon several years of uncertain wanderings. After a year in Angoulême under the protection of Margaret of Navarre he returned to Paris but was again expelled, was obliged to flee the country and resigned his ecclesiastical benefices. It was not until July, 1536, that he found himself in Geneva with intent to pass no more than a single night and be on his way, but was induced

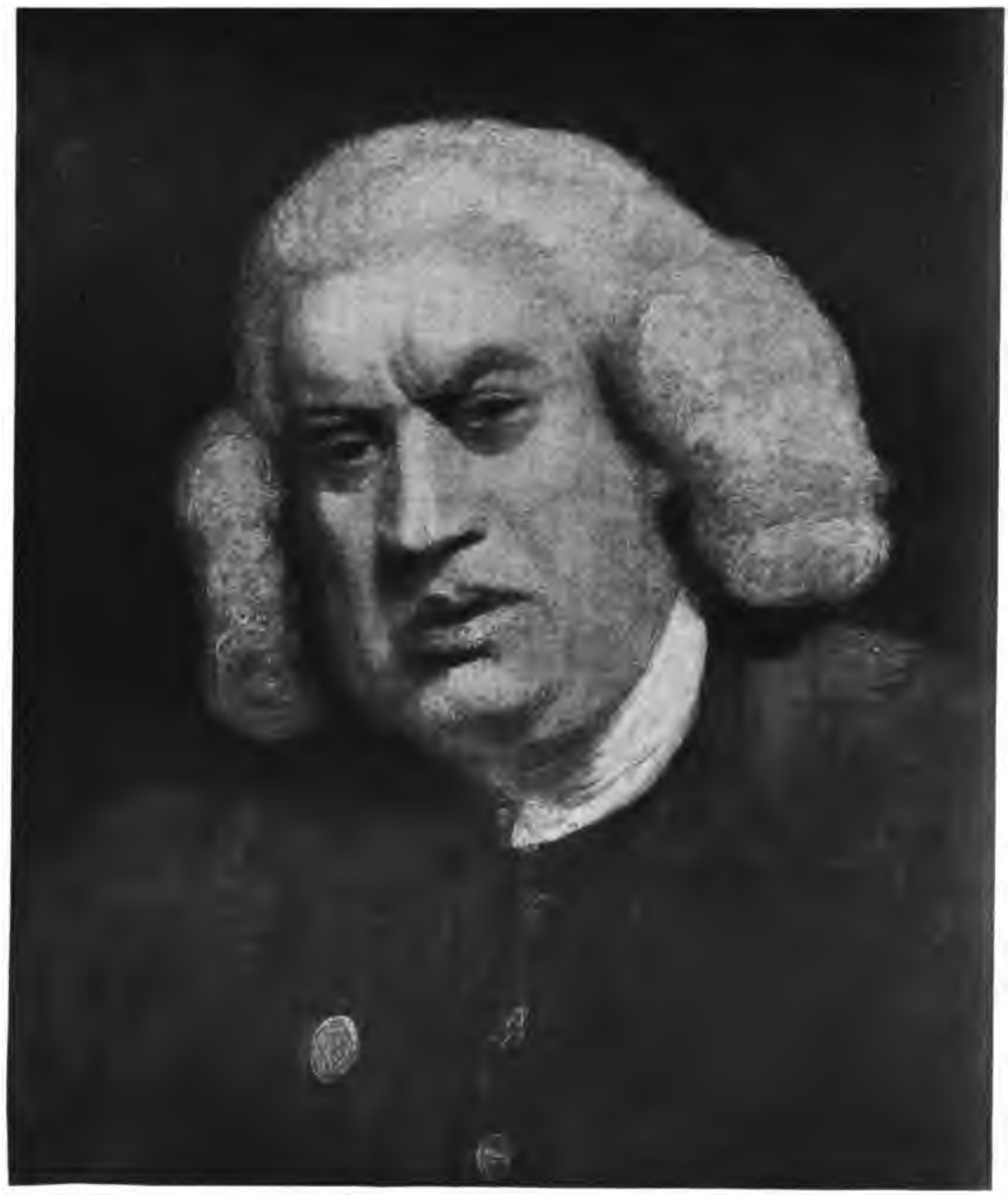
to assume the pastorate of the struggling evangelical church. In the time to come Geneva was to be the scene of his greatest triumphs, was to lie in the hollow of his hand; but Geneva was not yet ripe for her master in things temporal as well as things spiritual. His discipline was too stern and he was banished in April, 1538. After taking refuge successively in Bern, Zürich and Basel he began his pastorate in Strassburg in September of that year, there married and awaited the recall. In 1541 Geneva besought his return, he fought political and ecclesiastical opposition in a ten years battle and he conquered the city for his own, not only the city but all the faith which turned to Geneva for its model. There after twenty-three years of this second pastorate, he died.

Calvinism, straitest of the sects of Protestantism though it is, the historian finds it hard to classify as heresy. It was not a new interpretation of the Scriptures. It was not an innovation in the theology of the church. It is difficult to find grounds for classifying as false doctrine in the sixteenth century that which was accepted as valid patristic faith in the fifth century. In its essence Calvinism was but the modern restatement of the theology which obtained acceptance at the earlier date under the incontestable authority of the sainted Augustine, Bishop of Hippo Regius. To attempt the explanation of how the church in its opposition to Calvinism reconciled itself with its earlier and unquestioned sanction of Augustinianism would introduce the polemic element. To present here even the briefest syllabus

of Calvin's restoration of Saint Augustine's plan would be tedious.

More to the purpose is it to examine what the progress of Calvinism has been in its course beside the Lutheran stream.

Four centuries ago neither men nor their times were ripe for the idea that dogma might remain essentially free under a system of government which would allow faith its utmost absolutism of freedom. We have already commented upon the fact that Calvin's Geneva was Calvin's not only as the fiery pastor of the evangelical faith but as master and theocrat. We have seen that Bancroft in his sage view of the evolution of republican institutions has recognized that our political system owes a great debt to his constitution of Geneva and his church at large. Through a channel possibly less direct our institutions owe yet another debt to Calvin which falls not one whit below that which Bancroft has indicated. This lies in the solution of many of our constitutional questions, the basic theory of popular control of the heads of government, the people's right to impose taxation through its own most popular body of representatives. These we inherit from our English origin. That we found them an inheritance at the critical point of our independence rests upon the fact that it was the Calvinism of England, in even stronger measure the Calvinism of Scotland which rescued the United Kingdom from autocracy and fitted it for the principles of constitutional government in the interest of the people.



SAMUEL JOHNSON
From a painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

SAMUEL JOHNSON

The father of the English dictionary, the great lexicographer (the word recalls to smiling fancy the parting of Miss Becky Sharp from scholastic scenes when she cast the "dixonary" at the astounded feet of the mistress of Minerva House) is a man known intimately to our age through the appreciation of his friends long after his own efforts have passed to forgetfulness.

We know Dr. Johnson to have been an indefatigable writer. But he wrote for Grub Street, a publisher's hack. Literature in his time was a trade, its emoluments were less than the wage of a competent mechanic, the man who practised what has now become the profession of letters was the man who had failed of securing a livelihood through more gainful employments. The story of such hacks is the pitiful tale of debt and distress and bailiffs at the door and prison with which the society of that time punished the crime of being poor.

We know that Johnson wrote much, he made a style of pseudo-classic massiveness to which his name has been given in designation. Yet who now recalls a single one of these works, who can quote from the product of his pen, who can cite even so much as a single name?

It is only by the dictionary that Johnson has impressed us through his own writings. Even that impress is no

more than an entry in the history of lexicography. It is as with the English Bible, one knows that Tyndale, Miles Coverdale, the Bishops, were responsible in their succession for versions of the Scriptures in the vernacular, mere names in literary or theological history; one reads the King James version. So in like manner one recalls that Dr. Johnson compiled the first of the English dictionaries, one uses Webster or Worcester while awaiting the completion of the Oxford Dictionary, the Johnson dictionary remains to the curious only as a monument of progress, the first step in a great art.

Yet the Johnson dictionary is still worthy of careful study. The good doctor found his mother tongue at the mercy of every changing breeze of fashion, spelling and definition were alike uncertain, and etymology was represented largely by a blundering mass of false analogy. His task was double. He had first to collect the language as it was known to him and to fix in the record that which hitherto had been at the mercy of fleeting memory. His next duty was to exercise a judicial function upon the material thus assembled, to fix standards of orthography, and spelling was then worse confusion than it is now; to correct definition and to expurgate the false sense which had crept into many general usages. It is true that in his passing of sentence upon the speech he was always dogmatic, frequently artificial, sometimes wholly at fault. One cannot find much heart to blame him when it is recalled that our own Webster was equally stern, equally devoted to making the language what it

should be rather than recording what it was. Early editions of Webster will show his set purpose to hang, to draw, to quarter so inoffensive a word as bridegroom, in his first edition it finds no entry at all save as it is pilloried in a footnote as an error under the entry of bridegoom. Yet despite the accuracy of his etymology our brides have ever refused to enter the holy estate of matrimony with any such oddity as a bridegoom. With Webster, with Johnson before him, the genius of the speech has overcome the speculation of the theorist. We therefore honor Dr. Johnson for the beginning of English lexicography, we leave his dictionary untouched upon the dusty shelves of those libraries which are cemeteries.

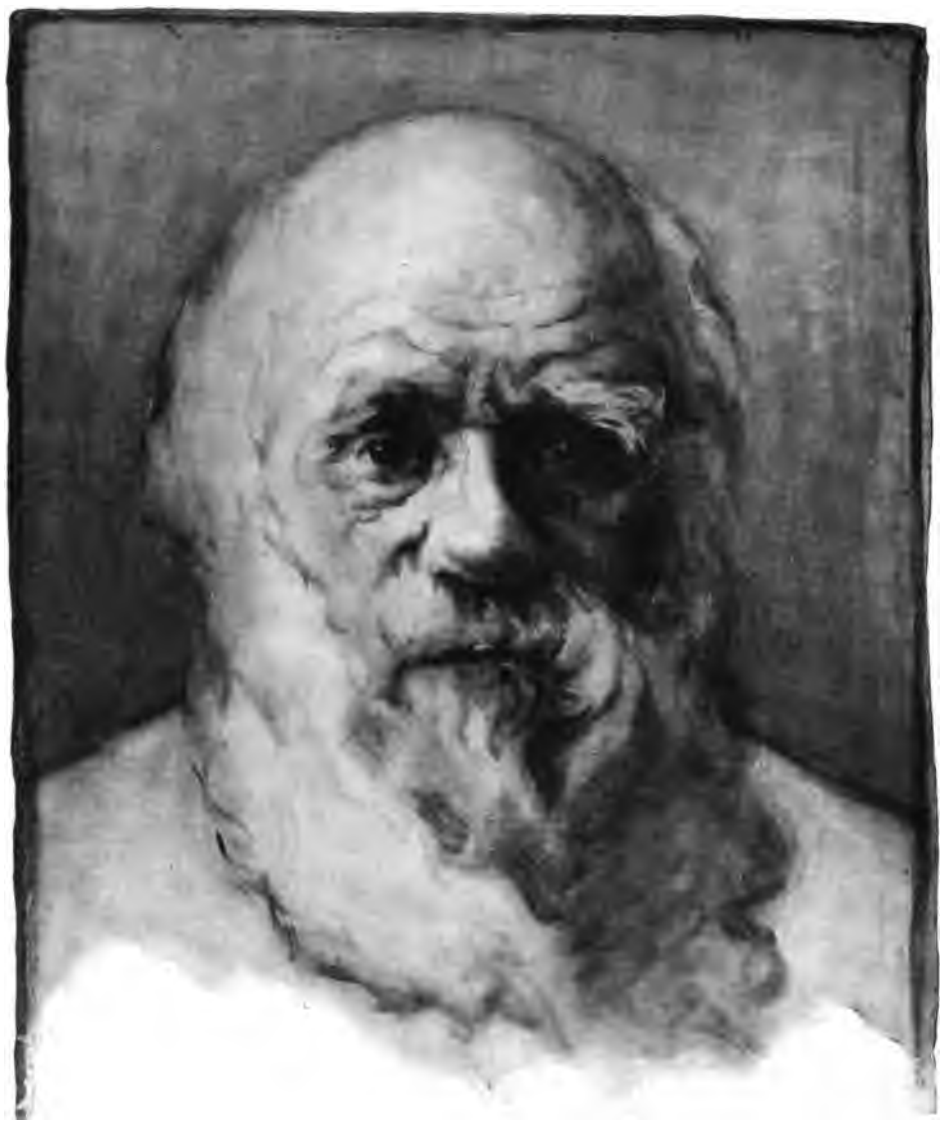
His works are forgotten, even the dictionary, yet no man of his time lives more intimately to us than Samuel Johnson. It is a rare case, when a man's work is dead the man himself in most cases dies too. Yet Johnson lives. His life is not in what he did himself but in what his friends have told us about his doings. We know Johnson intimately, yet our knowledge lies upon what he did for others his contemporaries.

He was blessed with the power to be a close friend to men and women who had it in them to welcome such friendship and to return its treasures. Just how that may have been we cannot now know when the element of personal charm has passed and eluded all attempt to fix it for our future age. From the written record we can scarcely understand Johnson in the warmth of

personal intimacy, we fear that his manner might prove forbidding, his dominance of his society not altogether easy to bear. But these are speculations on which we have no right to enter, his contemporaries found him lovable, and theirs was the privilege to hear the cordial intonation, to catch the interested flash of the eye, to note the many glints of sympathy which no words can ever transmit. He knew the best souls of his time and they were glad to put him at the head of their society. There was Mrs. Thrale: how many dishes of tea did he drink with her in a sitting? Twenty-seven, was it not? Yet forgetting this aqueduct tax upon housekeeping Mrs. Thrale loved him. Sir Joshua Reynolds? Almost cut off from the pleasure of social intercourse by his deafness Sir Joshua could have none too much of Johnson. And Oliver Goldsmith? There's the Irish temperament, one can scarcely imagine the bubbling Goldsmith bringing himself to tolerate ponderous discourse, yet Goldsmith worshipped his Dr. Johnson.

And the best of all, Boswell. There was a man content to perform an act of complete self-obliteration. It is Boswell's Johnson who lives for us, yet how small an impress Johnson's Boswell has left of himself upon his record of his friend.

It is thus that we know Johnson, the good friend of the good, his own work gone into oblivion, his life a household tale because of the loving record of those between whom and him was simple love.



CHARLES DARWIN

The Marvellous Year

Charles Darwin

The year is doubly rich in Darwin memorial, the hundredth anniversary of the year that gave him to the world, the fiftieth anniversary of his great gift to the world, "The Origin of Species."

In glancing over Darwin's early life the attention is caught at once by the fact that he who was to effect such a revolution in the world's thought could in the world of thought upon which he entered find so little for his preparation to live. Sent first to Edinburgh to go into training for medicine, afterward at Cambridge to fit him for the church, he recoiled from a curriculum that was lifeless. His strictures upon the lecture courses at each university serve but to set a more acute accent upon his acknowledgment of his great debt to influences outside the curriculum which did so much to form him for the great work in life upon which he was to enter, the sympathetic intercourse with naturalists, curators, even with a negro bird stuffer at Edinburgh.

Thus passing unharmed through the dead routine of two great seats of learning, gathering great food from sources wholly outside the monotonous level of daily task, he began to study only when he accompanied Captain Fitzroy in the voyage of the *Beagle*, a ship and a commander which live in intellectual memory only by

reason of the young student who held a position so subordinate. That voyage was his term of study; botany, zoology, geology, the great trivium of life history, were his pursuit in the field. How close were his powers of observation in the collection of material, how sedulous were his methods of research, these are abundantly illustrated in his "Monograph on the Cirripedia," the embodiment of the results of eight years of unremitting toil.

When Darwin entered upon his life work there was a sacred canon in systematic biology. The Species was godgiven, immutable, the unchanging unit of all life. It had passed from memory that Species was of human invention, it had become fetish, god. Men postulated, then believed as proved, better yet held as an article of faith which transcends proof, that in certain forms of plants and animals there were characters fixed beyond the power of change, that transmutation from one to the other was forever prohibited, that they were species absolutely fixed and unchangeable. Within the limits of any one of these fixed species certain minor modifications were held possible, there might, therefore, be varieties of the species. But the species itself was a sacred unit. This was orthodox biology, as such it was Darwin's first creed.

Heresy, however, had arisen. Lamarck had felt doubt as to the immutability of this sacred species, he had already ventured expression of his opinion that transmutation of species might take place, and if such should prove to be fact that such transmutation was chiefly due

to two influences, the environment, understanding thereby the totality of surrounding external circumstances; and the effect of the use and disuse of parts. These two influences have passed into record as the Lamarckian factors of evolution.

Led to the same doubt as to fixity of species Darwin found the principal causes of mutability to lie in natural selection and sexual selection, to which has been assigned the designation of the Darwinian factors of evolution. Of the former of these factors his own definition stands as a classic. "This preservation of favorable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious, I have called Natural Selection, or Survival of the Fittest."

When the "Origin of Species" was produced a half century ago, strangely and generously paralleled by the similar work of Alfred Russel Wallace, the whole study of biology was put upon a new basis. One can but wonder at the ease with which the revolution was accomplished, yet the wonder vanishes at sight of the compelling quality of the proof and the evidence upon which it is based.

Opposition was to develop, but it was to come from a source external to the field of biological science. It was impossible for Darwin to stop short of the extension of his discovery to the species which stands at the summit of life. The principles set forth in the study of the variations whereby species under certain conditions pass slowly and insensibly into other species must be vital

in the study of the man species. In 1871 "The Descent of Man" was published and the storm broke from the theological quarter. In the earlier work the whole theory of special creation had been wiped out of existence, yet nowhere had such a result been set forth in so many words and in the sluggishness which has ever characterized the attitude of theology to science the older branch of learning had failed to discover the upheaval which had taken place. That storm broke in fury, the battle raged for years over man held to be the one and sacred exception to the law of nature. No more dignified form can be conceived than that of Darwin, the weaker of his adherents temporizing, popular indignation brought to bear upon him, yet remaining a steadfast soul proving point after point with calm precision.

Years have gone by since the world of thought was convulsed with that great conflict. The virulence of the attack was so great that the principles which Darwin upheld were set backward. New investigators were led to present modifications which with more or less adroitness might escape the force of the attack. Other students have propounded other theories designed to supplant the basic principles which Darwin presented and for which he suffered. But time has been a juster judge. For a time discredited, yet far less than was the popular estimate, the fiftieth anniversary of what may well be called Darwinism has seen his principles restored to their position of preëminence, the basis of modern scientific thought and method.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

A court must of necessity be middle class, middle class with embroidery. The greater the court the thicker the embroidery. Therein lies the difference between courts.

What a court may do for poetry the epic will show. Vivid, rude, instinct with life and its interests the Homeric poems were the songs of a people, the songs sung to interested folk by wandering rhapsodists. Provided the narrative caught and held their attention the hearers were willing to overlook the crudeness of manner. Only in a court, embroidered middle class, could Vergil make the epic a work of art, finely polished, the delight of a critical culture. In his capable hands, under the fostering warmth of the court of Augustus, the epic became an exercise of intellectual agility, a thing fine polished, no longer of the people, a work of art.

For ages the English folk had had its store of song, the song of the wandering gleeman. To the laity it passed for history of England in its yet glorious past. For such hedgerow auditors was no thought of historical criticism. To them Robin Hood was as real as Richard the King, not until later times was he made an Earl. The glory of Britain was bound up in the tales of Arthur and the Round Table, chronology all uncertain but exist-

ence sure. Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad, Modred, Guenevere, Merlin, these were real. Vivid, they were crude; they were fitted to the popular mind which absorbed them with breathless interest.

From such store Tennyson drew the material which for the court he graced he handled with Vergilian skill and finish. He was the Vergil of a court of empire greater than Augustus ever knew, of better morals perhaps, for morals change with the passing of the ages, certainly middle class because a court, not inferior in embroidery.

Poetry was not dead in England when Tennyson served his court. The great voice of life, its joys, its woes, broke into rhythmic expression, yet the court had its Vergil. Always accurate, always sure never to offend, the Laureate year in and year out might be counted on to render his due meed of ode and song to throne and England's glory. That pipe of sherry must be earned before it could be broached.

We cannot avoid the Vergilianism of Tennyson, the poet through long years of a court still longer yeared. It shows itself in his close adhesion to that life principle which the English call good form. It shows itself in the painful finish of his verse. Poetry with him is not the amusement of the hedgerow throng to be recompensed by a toss of ale or coin thrown ungrudgingly into the gleeman's hat, it is art to be made as trig and trim in vesture as the three feathers without which England's womankind may not pass curtseying before the throne. In

either case Gold Stick in Waiting stands as constable of the proprieties.

To some men such a position would be stifling. Tennyson fitted the place just as the post at court fitted him, an essential design in the pattern of the embroidery. From his earliest efforts with the still unfamiliar lyre we find him in possession of that fineness of taste, that essence of good breeding which later was to serve as warrant to the court that he would ever be safe, that his part in embroidered pageant would always be in harmony with the general design. Outside the precincts of the court other poets might break through the blanket of the commonplace, they might cry in numbers sentiments that were either not understood or were considered anything but mannerly. Tennyson, no. He was Laureate, an officer of the court, a tried and trusted modulator of the oat, an English Vergil prepared to sing the praise of all that bore official approval, and like Vergil grateful. Yet if the muse is to enter the service of a court no court was ever better served with its dish of verse. There is no blemish on the polish of Tennyson's verse, no point of good form is omitted, the habiliments are just such as ceremonial prescribes shall appear in the royal drawing-room.

The singer for a court sings for a larger audience, an audience whose approval is assured under the most positive guarantees. Thus Tennyson was the poet of all that is respectable in England, of all throughout the English speaking world that keeps a gig. A great audi-

ence, an obedient audience, one prompt to echo in its applause the approval from above. To be a poet is much, to be a praised poet is more.

Yet one wonders what would have been made of the poetical life of Tennyson had his lines been cast in other places; if he had failed of appointment as a court purveyor, if he had sung for a smaller audience and a more appreciative because more critical.

Rarely, very rarely did he venture away from the swinging of the censer. His "Northern Farmer" stands almost alone. It is Hodge, and what has Hodge to do with Queens and belted Earls save only to be picturesque in his smock by the wayside. The "Northern Farmer" was a timid essay in another field of life, a life grimy handed and creaking in the joints, a life in which Tennyson saw little and gave to others to see still less. But in his formal work there is the bursting through of feeling that he could not quite smooth out, there are spots in which the poetical fire burns with an open flame, flickering in the wind, but hotter by many degrees than the radiance which filtered from the candelabras of the presence room. It is a Tantalus task to pick them out, but ever and anon they come upon the appreciation with assurance that the Laureate had it in him to be poet as well.

But then, there was always the civil list and that pipe of sherry and those few pounds of annual fee. Our Vergils are not badly placed.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

The Marvelious Year

Fanny Kemble

In the last two centuries the annals of the English stage have recorded few names more distinguished than that of any one of the Kembles chosen at large, and in the course of three generations the choice is a wide one. Certainly no family has attained greater distinction.

We must go back to the grandfather to begin to orient ourselves for the proper appreciation of the Kembles. The founder of the house, for to the aristocracy of theatrical art will surely be permitted the phrase adopted by the aristocracy of mere place, the first of the Kembles was Roger, actor and manager. It is echoed from the early eighteenth century that he was a good actor, but whatever fame he may have enjoyed is dimmed by the greater radiance of his children's renown. There were many of these children, twelve of them, five of them on the stage, two of the girls, three of the boys. One of each came to the height of renown, names which are yet on the theatrical roll of fame, Mrs. Siddons the oldest of the family, and John Philip Kemble, the "great Kemble," the oldest of the sons.

As was the case with the grandfather so was Fanny's father set into the background by the higher fame of his two great elders. Yet Charles Kemble, the eleventh

child of Roger, was held by his contemporaries to be no mean actor. Unfortunately his leaning was toward the comic rôles and the glories of that age were for the tragic parts. Yet we know that he made great successes of Benedick, Petruchio and Charles Surface. His career was at least sufficiently creditable to secure for him the post of examiner of plays, in which he is expressly said to have exercised a wise discretion and to have shown a fine sense of what was best suited to the English public.

His daughter, Frances Anne Kemble, whom the world refuses to remember save under the affectionate diminutive of Fanny, was born to the family tradition and to the family talent. To any Kemble, a name to conjure with a hundred years ago, all avenues to theatrical progress were open, and it is with no surprise that we find her before her twentieth birthday making her appearance at Covent Garden as Juliet to her father's Romeo. Her audience was sympathetic from the start, they were under the dominance of the Kemble tradition. It was not long before the new Kemble was welcomed for herself, in her earliest scenes she won her audiences to a cordial appreciation of her own charm, of her own power. Welcomed as a new Kemble upon the boards her first performance made her Fanny to her public. There was no question of her talent, that was at once acknowledged. Other Kembles had swayed their audiences by power, Fanny won them by her sweetness. She was not to replace Mrs. Siddons or her other distinguished aunt Elizabeth, Mrs. Whitlock. She was from the first a new and

unfamiliar manifestation of Kemble art, yet none the less welcome by reason of the dissimilarity, none the less successful through avoiding the comparison that would otherwise have been inevitable.

Upon her first success in the greatest of Shakespeare's heroines followed with no diminution of art in portrayal, with no loss of the popular approval which that art earned for her, equal successes in Portia, Julia in "The Hunchback," Bianca, Belvidera and Lady Teazle. For three years on end she was the idol of the London stage.

Now we come to her American career beginning in 1832. Its promise was of the brightest, its fulfilment was misery. Her London reputation had gone before her overseas, a public was already awaiting her on the western shore of the Atlantic. For two years she enjoyed a complete triumph, New York and Philadelphia could not view her other than London had done, would not if they could. At the height of her success she gave up the stage in answer to what she believed a happier call. In 1834 she became the wife of Pierce Butler and found a home on his plantation in Georgia. Unfortunately the home proved unhappy, the marriage failed of its early promise, we need not now recall the difficulties which wrecked the love on the plantation, suffice it to say that after fourteen years they were divorced in 1848.

Fanny Kemble, for she at once reverted to the name which she had made famous, did not return to the stage. Some have thought that her possession of the family talent for the stage was not wholly inspired by the family

passion which had kept others of the family going ever on from success to success. Be that as it may she avoided in her next venture in life the harder work of the theatre and renewed her acquaintance with her public with readings from Shakespeare, dramatic recitations rather. In the constitution of American society as it then was, the theatre to many and those not the least influential being a place to be shunned, this career extended her popularity, for she reached a yet wider audience. Readings from Shakespeare passed innocuously as literature, the same Shakespeare on the boards might be sin. Under these conditions she found a yet wider host of friends and a second time repeated her earlier success.

In 1860 the call of home became strong. She had been almost a third of a century in America but England was drawing her. After that date she spent most of her life in her girlhood home and after 1877 returned no more to the land which so warmly had adopted her and had given such cordial sympathy in her sorrows.

Fanny Kemble did not rest wholly content with the portrayal of the thought of others. When she was but seventeen she had written a play, "Francis the First" and it was produced in London, but with no great success. She wrote much verse, as did others of her time, and some of it was published in now forgotten volumes. The student of the past still finds interest in her "Journal of a Residence in America" written shortly after her marriage, and the "Residence on a Georgia Plantation."

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN

Franz Joseph Haydn

The year which saw the birth of Mendelssohn registered the death of the old master whom he was in time to supplant in the world of music. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the conditions under which the two men entered upon life, the two masters upon their art. The younger became the heir of a fecund century of music, Haydn had almost to create that art for himself. Mendelssohn was born to ease, to cultivated society, to every advantage; Haydn at his birth at Rohrau, Austria, March 31, 1732, was the son of a wheelwright, and the home of a mechanic in an obscure town in those days was the abode of poverty, of want. But in the home of the poor wheelright was the blessing of music, his parents knew at least enough to know that their child had talent.

Because Haydn was a master it will not be tedious to sketch the hardships of the course by which he rose to the command of his art. At the age of five he passed under the care of a distant relative, the schoolmaster of Hainburg, who directed his education for the next three years. In this brief period of education music held an important place, the boy was taught in the elements, his voice was cultivated, he learned the violin and other instruments,

among them the drum, of which it is said he was particularly fond.

At eight he was taken into the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna as choir boy, learning from example, forever practicing to improve himself, even composing a mass at thirteen which moved his kapellmeister, Reuter, to scorn. When his voice changed he was discharged from the cathedral choir penniless and with nowhere to turn. To the charity of a poor barber he owed his garret bed and access to a decrepit harpsichord; lessons and odd employment with the violin and organ enabled him to study yet further in his art until he had mastered Bach's style and had felt the influence of Sammartini. For the sake of his music he engaged with Porpora as a menial, a body servant; it remains a credit to that composer that he soon admitted his valet to the fellowship of their common art, made him his accompanist, his companion, his pupil.

The days of hardship, the days of the struggle for the daily bread and for the knowledge of music, came to an end in Haydn's twenty-eighth year when he was appointed kapellmeister by Prince Esterhazy, a post which he held from 1760 until 1790, in a warm friendship of art sympathy which endured until the death of the Prince. To this calm refuge we owe the 150 compositions for the violoncello, since his patron was an amateur of that instrument and possessed no mean ability. In

this reposeful period of prosperity must be placed his luckless marriage. He married the sister of the poor barber who had opened the garret to the ruined chorister. It was unhappy, it was no union. Haydn's generosity to his torment was such that in their separation he crippled his financial resources; fortunately his art was safe above these trials.

During these thirty creative years he remained in the Esterhazy palace closely attentive to his duties. His fame, none the less, had extended far beyond Vienna and Austria, it had reached so far as England. The first opportunity afforded the master to discover what warmth of appreciation was awaiting him in the wider world of music was when he went to England in 1790 on the invitation of his admirers. His reception in the English capital was enthusiastic, it was profitable as well, a matter of great concern since his accumulations in his thirty years of ease were no more than $5,000.

At the period of his English visits (he returned to London a second time in 1795) he turned his attention to vocal music. Thitherto he had composed only for the single instrument, for the orchestra and for the quartet of strings, of which form of expression he was the father and for which he wrote 83 compositions. So great was his mastery of instrumental music that he is credited with having done more for that art than any hundred of those who had gone before him. The classic form of the sym-

phony we owe to him as well; he established in that mode the principle of lucidity of ideas, of consistent symmetry in their development and treatment accompanied with the utmost finish of phrasing. He wrote no less than twelve symphonies for his London reception, and these are counted among his highest productions, and his productions in this mode number no less than 118 in the total of more than 800 of his complete works.

He had passed his sixtieth year when he first essayed the oratorio and found that upon the human voice he could play as brilliantly as upon the other instruments of music to which he had devoted his life. Neither in "The Seasons" nor in "The Creation" is there anything to indicate that he was essaying a new mode of expression, his perfection of method gave full vent to the free expression of the joyousness of his nature. Few of his works appear on modern programmes, but "The Creation" has a lasting freshness that finds for it entrance into the greater music festivals.

Haydn fairly dominated the music of Great Britain for the first third of the nineteenth century. He was the standard. Success of the younger composers was measured by their fidelity to the Haydn method, even imitation was counted better than the attempt to depart from those accepted ideas of treatment. It was not until Mendelssohn appeared upon the scene with his youthful freshness that the classical severity began to yield to simpler even though more florid art.

NIKOLAI VASILIEVITCH GOGOL

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From the necessities of art criticism has arisen a specific locution as to manner, the earlier manner of a worker, his later manner. Such an expression but scantily does justice to Gogol. The change in him was more than that of mere manner, it amounts to a complete reversal of personality, he was two men wholly distinct. In six years in his third decade he became a bitter partisan of absolutism and the autocracy from which Russia has not yet emerged, in his life a gloomy ascetic, in his religion a dark mystic and a fanatic. Yet these six years, 1842-48, in which the change registered itself were passed in the free air of Italy and followed immediately upon the production of his masterpiece of "Chichagov, or the Dead Souls." With this gloomy Gogol we shall concern ourselves not at all.

In his earlier years he was the hope of Russia, the voice of freedom in the autocracy, the unsparing satirist of corruption, the promise of far better things to come. More than that he was one of the earliest as he was among the greatest of those whose fame passed the Cossack-vexed frontier and spread to western Europe the news that in the dulness of Russia a national literature was awaking that was worthy to take its place among

the great achievements of mankind. He was the idol of young Russia, the inspired leader of all bright and brave minds who had the hardihood to allow free vent to the enthusiasms of youth.

Before his majority he was admitted to the lower orders of the Chinovnik, that engine of bureaucracy which then as now was corrupt and inefficient, a dull barrier between the enlightenment of the sovereign and the enfranchisement of the people. Such an appointment must be critical to a soul with aspirations. Gogol might have yielded to the iron system, might have accepted the lethargy of a routine of fixed plunder and in time might have risen to the dull eminence of a pillaged competence, rank and the glittering bauble of decorations. But such was not for him, he could not suffer himself to become a mere unit in such a machine, he was wholly useless as a Government clerk and his resignation after a short experiment was undoubtedly as satisfactory to his superiors as it was enfranchising to him.

It came to pass that he found his true vocation in his twenty-first year, when his powers of expression lifted him away from the redtape routine. It was then that he published in a literary magazine the first of those sketches of Russian life away from the great towns which became in time the volume of "Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka." The first of these stories showed his mastery of expression, for the style was finished and strong, and its reception to favor was immediate. Even this early

work was clear realism, he reported what he saw in the unchanging routine of old Slavonic life, what any one might see who had eyes wherewith to see; but he saw far deeper, his art lay in presenting convincingly the hidden springs, the underlying motives, the soul of that Russian life, dull and dead though it might seem at its homeliest, rude and savage when exploded into action. Young as he was and wholly unknown this work lifted him to the first rank of Russian literary creation.

It was natural that his brilliant success in the record of Slavonic life should fix his attentions upon the graver expansion of the same material, which he and his admirers felt he knew so well and had handled with such excellence. He projected a history of Little Russia on a large scale of philosophical inquiry, he blocked out his plans and collected the material. Such a work of research was beyond the means of a young man just engaging life and he was forced to enter upon the weary, and as it proved unsuccessful, search for patronage which would enable him to devote all his energies to his project. Failing in this he was obliged to relinquish his graver work.

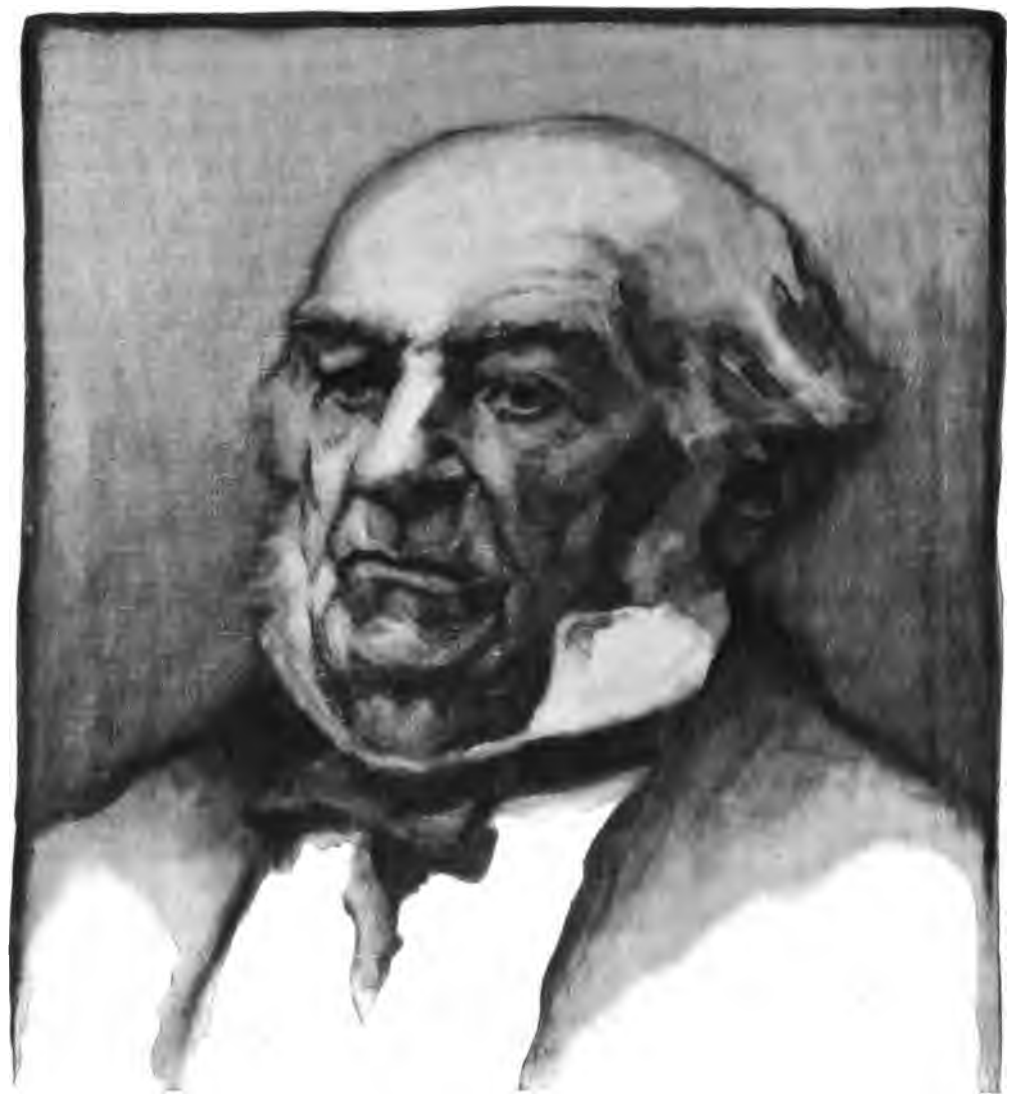
But as a by-product of this search for a patron he was appointed adjunct professor in the chair of history of the University of St. Petersburg. He could not teach and his professorship was wholly useless save as providing him a living. He severed his connection with the university after a few vain years. Yet the years had not

been vain for his art, for in that period he had written his "Arabesques," his "Taras Bulba" and a large number of smaller works, all works of realism saturated with cynic humor and laughing satire such as possess a particular appeal to the Russian character.

It was at this period that he produced his comedy of "Revizor," an instant success and not entirely vanished from the stage to-day outside of Russia. Gogol had not forgotten his first essay in the government service, he had observed shrewdly and had stored his ready mind with abundance of material out of which to form this comedy of official manners. Revizor is a government inspector, a stupid yet rapacious specimen of his class. The piece is too bitter for comedy, it was a scathing satire upon the corruption of the ruling class, a dashing exposure of its inefficiency in all but peculation.

Next came, in 1842, his masterpiece, "Chichagov," an impassioned presentation of the evils of serfdom and an inspired plea for its abolition. With telling force he uses the weapon of ridicule, savage ridicule and at times broad farce, but he knew thoroughly the people for whom he was writing and could forge the most potent blade against them.

At the pinnacle of his success he left Russia for a residence in Italy and there underwent the change which destroyed his art and in a few brief years returned him the reactionary, the Jerusalem pilgrim, the dark fanatic.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

It is more than a little the irony of life that the profoundest successes of any statesman should lie in the brilliancy of his execution of measures which he at first opposed and finally was obliged to accept when forced upon him by the act of the party in opposition.

By birth and tradition as well as by education Gladstone belonged to that long dominant party of English administration which saw the hope of the nation in the continuance of government by an aristocracy. When he was making ready for his public career his hopes of preferment, of successful use of his great powers, lay in the continuance of that system which had seemed to England the only proper representation, the dominance of the great families and its necessary concomitant of the rotten boroughs. Yet the young Tory was to become the great Liberal, the mainspring of popular government in Great Britain, even to make some progress in extending that principle to the United Kingdom.

It was not Gladstone's ideal to mass Great Britain and her colonies under the imperial idea. It was Disraeli who put upon the head of his royal mistress the imperial crown and gave to her the new title of Kaisar-i-Hind. Yet it was Gladstone upon whom fell the task of compacting that empire, of establishing its system of admin-

istration, of bringing into real existence that which his great rival had forced upon him as little more than a name. In such form as the British Empire to-day is great its greatness is mainly due to Gladstone's genius in the extension of the old constitutional principles to the new and enormously enlarged conditions without wresting them so far from their ancient sense as to create a peril to rights at home while making new rights abroad.

Within the limits of a sketch such as this there is no opportunity, nor is there need, to pass in review the statesmanship of this great English leader of the state or to indicate any of the benefits which his wise leadership has extended as far as the British empire reaches. But we may with benefit examine in brief survey some of the elements which entered into his career both at St. Stephen's and at Hawarden.

Leadership seems scarcely to have come to Gladstone by birth, as it does to some leaders. His was the appeal to the intellect, not the challenge to the surprised sentiment which meets the call with sentimental loyalty. Some men have the magnetic personality which can tune the ringing voice to the cry of "follow" and at once an army dashes forward at the double with no thought of what the end may be. Gladstone led his parliamentary forces with no such shout. His was the art to argue, to pile logic upon proof, example upon reason until the opposition was buried under his weight of reasoning. His was the art of figures, he showed how the national

pocket was touched, it was never absent from his knowledge that the seat in Parliament of Her Majesty's Government was the Treasury Bench. The men who followed him followed him with loyalty because they were convinced by his mastery of argument, an effective loyalty albeit a cold one. The opposition went down before him in all his parliamentary battles because he had soundly overthrown them, yet such an overthrow could little avail to win him generous converts.

It is as yet no easy task to form a sound estimate of the lasting successes won by Gladstone and his lifelong rival. We have already had occasion to point out that one of Gladstone's great deeds was in the execution of a project which England owes to Disraeli. The Liberal and the Conservative in these days of the accepted imperial idea are scarcely more than in name the Liberal and the Conservative of the not remote day of these two great protagonists. Yet it is not too soon to see that in the underlying policy of each of the two great parties in the English commonwealth there is somewhat more of the basis of the Gladstonian accomplishment than may be assigned to his brilliant rival.

Gladstone's was in essence a life of industry, he did those things which to his formal mind seemed the proper things for the Englishman of position to do. It was not enough that he devoted his life to the service of the state, that was to him a duty whether in office or on the opposition bench. He did his duty with the same pre-

cision in his more private life as a country gentleman. When we see him reading the lessons in his parish church at Hawarden not even the meanest mind can suspect the publicity trick of the petty politician, it was proper to his position and he did it simply.

In the same simple force of position-necessity he entered into the literary life of his age, a duty which he owed to the university which had nourished him and to the culture of the society of which he formed a part. In Addison's time one sees the university man on his grand tour making his collection of medals, in that time that was one's debt to culture. In this later time medals had passed from favor, Gladstone found his era devoted to literature. Hence it was his simple duty simply seen and recognized to foster literature. Who can number the books which came upon the world with Gladstone's approval? What value after all did that approval have? Yet it was typical of the man in his sense of his duty to his own world. He did his part toward literature with his own pen. Look at his "Juventus Mundi," a learned essay, in some respects a scholarly work. It was in part his discharge of his debt to the culture which had been given him.

Beyond any doubt he was a great man, even a great Englishman, yet his Queen at times could scarcely tolerate him. Any one who can tell whether the difficulty lay in the man, the woman, or the system of constitutional government will be far on his way toward the historic estimate of Gladstone.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

The Marvellous Year

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

That sweetness above all should be the character of the music which Mendelssohn added to the world's sense of enjoyment may be found a natural outgrowth from his parentage. On the father's side he was descended from that race which in centuries of trial has chosen with passion the culture of the higher intelligence, which has contributed to art in its various forms so disproportionate a list of great names. For his children Abraham Mendelssohn, first in Hamburg, then in Berlin a banker of wealth and position, chose the faith not of his fathers. Such a course could do no other than produce in the young Felix a sense of peace, a feeling of the emptiness as well as the inconvenience of the more violent emotions. Perhaps it led to inadequacy. Mendelssohn came to recognize that for himself when he brought himself to sober consideration of the propriety of cancelling the "O Rest in the Lord" because it seemed to him, as to others it has seemed, too sweet. Yet what could one expect from such conditions? Professing one faith he must respect the older; he could not feel other than a reconciler, and he who has the task of reconciliation must avoid the heights.

The path of his art was made smooth for him. He lived in an atmosphere of wealth and refinement, he not

only responded to the opportunities which were presented to him without difficulties, but he improved them to the full and early. He was but seventeen when he composed that wonderful Opus 20, the octet for strings, and the still richer orchestral overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He may in later life have equalled the latter of these great efforts, he certainly never surpassed it in beauty of treatment and originality of conception.

Upon England Mendelssohn most greatly impressed his art, and in England the impression has remained most permanent and less open to cavil. It was in 1829, in his twentieth year, that he made his first visit across the Channel, the first of ten visits of a steady progress in the triumph of his art. At that time England was at the feet of Handel and composition and execution were rigidly held to the methods of that earlier master. The time was ripe for the coming of the young genius, and his creative activity was equally ripe to supply the type of music which should overthrow the Handel obsession. To almost every field of musical activity he was able to contribute, to the violinist, to the choralist, to the organist, to the pianist, to the orchestra he showed himself able to present a wealth of compositions, grateful in the performance, sweet to the ear and easy to follow with comprehension.

His music written for the piano has had a popularity almost without parallel, and its educational value has

been almost inestimable in the effect upon the fingers of two generations of young pianists and upon their comprehension of musical values. It falls far short of the similar work of the greater masters, but it is always neat, faultlessly so, brilliant and melodious. To many a performer the "Lieder ohne Worte" must remain the summit of dexterity in execution, and to such it is a satisfaction that the product is so instinct with sweetness and charm. Of his concertos that for the violin has retained a deserved popularity, it has marked a development stage in the progress of almost every artist upon that instrument.

His symphonies remain to the music of the present as an agreeable, if not essentially strong, relief from the puzzles which under that designation now tax the ear and stagger the comprehension. The "Italian Symphony" is clear air and light in a musical setting; and the "Scotch Symphony" with its sweet melody and tempered agitation is likely to possess for years to come the interest which it so long has held.

In the more popular field of song writing Mendelssohn is far greater for what he was not than for what he was. He ranks nowhere near the heights occupied by Schubert, Schumann and Brahms in this line of composition. But he is truly great in that he showed the way out from the dulness of drawing room music as he found it. Yet this is by no means to be taken as implying that there are not things of charm in the 79 compositions which he

made in this class; one may not lightly dismiss "On Wings of Song," the "Garland" and "The First Violet."

The England to which Mendelssohn came found its highest expression of musical art in the oratorio. It is small wonder that he reached his highest pinnacle of appreciation with the first performance of "Elijah" at the Birmingham festival in 1846. Sixty years later, two generations of life in which the oratorio has somewhat lost its former place, "Elijah" yet avails to attract its crowds and to win from them just as much approval as it drew from their grandparents. It is an acknowledgment of the charm which its composer put into the music, a tribute to the skill with which he wiped out from their minds the feeling that there might be heights and depths in oratorio method which this equally avoided. The form as he presents it is lucid, the technic is exquisite and wholly safe, the climaxes are masses of sweet tone that satisfy the sense of the beautiful. It may well be that he reveals in his oratorios little of the subtlety, the suggestion, the profound expression of other masters of that form, but it cannot be denied that he amply satisfied his own public and that his continued popularity to the present day is by no means a satisfaction of historical curiosity.

He brought pleasure to a great audience, and that is no light degree of credit. He may not have advanced the art of music, but he certainly presented its beauties with sweet skill.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

The Marvellous Year

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Instinct with the nicest delicacy of taste nothing gives a clearer view of Fitzgerald's attitude toward his work than his consistent withdrawal of his name from title pages. If the work was good when it left his hands, and it was only his own critical sense which could find a blemish, it was enough for him that the work was indeed good, the name was nothing in comparison with the work, he sought no fame as the man who did the work. It was such a spirit as actuated the artisan of the middle ages and made him artist because he was willing to set the work above the worker. The sole exception to this blank title page, the only time when he yielded to the urgent importunity of his friends, was in his "Six Dramas of Calderon" which appeared in 1853 with his name as author of the translation. Other of his work fell upon neglect, this met with disapproval. He withdrew it from the public, returning to his sober conviction that in such work the name of the author was a drawback.

Yet no name better deserved its place than his, the verdict came slow but it came sure, the world now knows that English poetry can list no name more worthy than that of Edward Fitzgerald.

His is the record of shy genius. That shall appear in the earliest history of the quatrains of the Tent-Maker of Naisháp[u]r. He gave the slender volume to his friend and publisher, Quaritch, in 1858. But two hundred copies were printed and the failure was as absolute as immediate. The whole printing, in the dialect of the book trade, would not move at five shillings; the lot, and still we must use that trade dialect, was put out as remainders for a penny the copy, the value of the white paper discounted because of the blemish of the ink upon its surface. At this scant figure copies are known to have come into the possession of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Sir Richard Burton. Appreciation was instant. Each formed a focus from which the revelation of this chance discovered beauty was set in radiation. Rossetti in particular heralded to the world of taste the finding of this gem which was stamped with the art of the truest poetry yet which bore no name. From that beginning the name of Fitzgerald and the name of Omar have been linked indissolubly. The quatrains passed through four editions before Fitzgerald rested content with its final shape, the second in 1868, the third in 1872, the fourth in 1879, this differing but in a few words from the third. Since then it has been reprinted in hundreds of forms, it has been embellished with critical apparatus, it has been adorned with all the resources of art. To the world at large it remains the source of Fitzgerald's fame. It is only the rarely ap-

preciative soul that cherishes his other work, the Calderon plays with yet others from the same source, the "Euphranor," the "Salámán and Absál of Jamí" another draught from the Persian jug, and the "Agamemnon."

Fitzgerald was the finest product of English culture, of Cambridge culture in that university to which he returned again and again. Yet he was Irish, doubly Irish, and on each side of the house of Irish distinction. It is in no sense cheap humor that we must ascribe to one well known Irish trait, for the bull of that country is a classic, the possession by English literature of the Persian poet. In the unwise scholarship of his university days Persia and Ireland were brought together in a strange family for no better reason than that Erin and Iran suggested each the other. Accepting this opinion without question, for it passed current then in the infancy of ethnology, nothing could come with a warmer appeal to the Irish student than to put into English the poetry of his sister race.

His marriage to the daughter of Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, brings him into the sphere of those for whom the gentle and tortured Elia was the centre. The marriage was a short one, not at all happy, coming soon to a separation in friendly agreement which displayed the impulsive generosity of the man. Thereafter his life is to be sought in his friendships, and the good taste of such as he would seek in friendship has left the record almost empty of detail.

We have seen the discovery of the Rubáiyát by Burton, by Swinburne, by Rossetti. Of such sort were the friends of Fitzgerald's heart, rare minds, sweet souls. Rossetti undertook to spread among the worthy, among those whom his dainty instinct knew to be worthy, the knowledge of this new enrichment of art even when the author was as yet unknown. For the author he did as much as for the work and with equal care in selection. Fitzgerald entered into the best life of English thought, never found in the crowd of the commonplace, for he made no appeal to the smug and the respectable. It is in the letters of his friends that we find the broadest imprint of his scholarly life. From friend to friend letters passed carrying the news of some influence which Fitzgerald had exerted upon the writer, some suggestion of work to be done and gratefully received, some helpful criticism of work not yet ready to present to the public. If we had a greater volume of the letters of his time we should have more Fitzgerald beyond a doubt, for benevolence was an instinct of his mind. To him it was duty and pleasure to draw out the struggling soul, to make cowards brave, to honor the call of conscience each for his own ability to hear its voice, to each of his acquaintance to instill the blessing of quick sympathy with the joys and griefs of even the least of those with whom their lot was thrown. From the best of his friends, even from those whom he lifted for a moment out of mere acquaintance, we know that he was not only a genius, his soul was a place of comfort.

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